

#9

\$1.50

# STAR REACH



the  
**S**acred  
and the  
profane  
STEADY MOTTER



6 June 1977

BARTING to San Francisco

To get this out of the way first, my move to San Diego has been cancelled. The "personal factor" cited last issue, who lives in S.D., changed her mind at the last minute (ah, the hidden riptides in the ocean of Life). At the moment it's hard to concentrate on the business, but we'll try...

Some encouraging signs have been poking thru my personal pain-fog. I get the feeling sometimes that STAR\*REACH has taken on a life of its own. This current issue is a good example. Without any conscious effort this issue suddenly reveals itself to have a theme, or at least a common thread tying all the stories together, namely an examination of religious and spiritual realities. Each story is strikingly different in its point of view, but each seems to face the same center. I hope you find them all stimulating.

I'd like to focus special attention on our cover feature "The Sacred and the Profane" by Ken Steacy and Dean Motter. Dean is a part-time instructor at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto and Ken is one of his "more daring" students. This story is a real first for STAR\*REACH, in that it's actually the first chapter in a 75-page graphic novelette which will be serialized over five issues, then most likely collected into book form.

I'm very excited about beginning such a project, as there appears to me to be a largely untapped potential for graphic stories of extended length and I'm increasingly eager to explore this new territory. Byron Preiss, in his FICTION ILLUSTRATED books, and Jack Katz's FIRST KINGDOM are the current forerunners here, though there are innumerable roots in comics and general culture.

Author Motter says the story is "a genuinely theological work (with a science-fiction gloss) based on questions raised by G.K. Chesterton in HERETICS and ORTHODOXY and Aldous Huxley in THE DEVILS OF LOUDON. Its five part breakdown is derived from a piece of research by Marshall McLuhan concerning classical rhetorical strategy in oratory. The source being Cicero and Quintillian.

"Above all, my primary concerns are mystery and ambiguity. These being the insolvable, enigmatic and answerless questions. This takes the form of seemingly pointless work in which the reader is called upon to participate, drawing up his own solutions rather than mere witnessing.

"I realize this is not a popular idea. People are not fond of having demands made upon them while they're being entertained. This may even be a little too 'hot' for a 'cool' medium such as comics, but I doubt it." So do I, Dean.

New contributor Mickey Schwabrow has had experience as a stain-glass artist and he says his story "Seriah and Damon" could be produced as a series of stained glass designs (and may well be someday, for that matter). He currently makes his living producing hand-crafted children's toys up California's North Coast.

Michael Gilbert, a regular contributor to QUACK, brings his unique storytelling talent to STAR\*REACH this issue. He plans future stories with the characters introduced here.

Before I sign off I should explain the absence of Craig Russell's and Pat Mason's "Parsifal" adaptation. Craig took suddenly ill in April (it's been a rough Spring elsewhere, too, I guess) and, following doctor's orders, left the drawing board for an indefinite time. At last report he's feeling better and may have the second chapter finished for our next issue, though it's not certain.

Also, the second printing of STAR\*REACH No. 6 has been issued. The "Elic" story by Eric Kimball and Bob Gould has been re-edited and re-photographed to present their story more in line with their original intentions than the first edition. All you completists take note and go buy another copy. Kimball & Gould have a free brochure available describing their current art offerings for sale, from Two-Man-Horse, 162 Walnut, Brookline Village, MA 02146.

Lastly, an open aside to GEORGE LUCAS: we really enjoy your "Star Wars" movie and we're rather flattered that you took such direct inspiration for your Han Solo character from Howie Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" in STAR\*REACH No. 1, but the small-press person in me still wishes there were some way to get some recognition for our contributions, much less access to mass-media financial assets. Anything you can do for us?

*Mike Friedrich*

STAR\*REACH (No. 9) is published quarterly by Star\*Reach Productions, P.O. Box 385, Hayward, CA 94543; Mike Friedrich, editor and publisher. ©1977 Star\*Reach Productions. World Rights Reserved. Cover art and the story "The Sacred and the Profane" ©1977 Dean Motter and Ken Steacy, "Homestone" ©1977 Yves Barbéro, Ray Horne and Danilo Bulanadi. "Seriah and Damon" ©1977 Mickey Schwabrow. "Worlds Without, Worlds Within" ©1977 Michael Gilbert. "Divine Wind" ©1977 Gene Day. Address all inquiries c/o Star\*Reach Productions.

Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read; warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.

FIRST PRINTING: June, 1977.

ADDITIONAL COPIES: \$1.25 plus 35¢ postage and handling. Mailed 1st Class. No subscriptions, sorry.

RETAILERS: A list of wholesalers is available. WHOLESALERS: please inquire about our rates.

ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

THE SHADOW OF GLORY FILLS THE SANCTITY OF SPACE, AND WE LOOK TO THE HEAVEN, THE GENEROUS CHAOS, NOW PLAYING HOST TO US WITH ENVY AND CERTAINTY.

I WONDER ABOUT MY QUESTIONS, SOME BORDER ON DOUBT AND TREASON, I KNOW, NONETHELESS, THE CRUSADE SCARES ME, THE MISSION FRIGHTENS ME. THE POWER I SEE IS THE OVERWHELMING POWER OF THESE MACHINES... AND IT OVERSHADOWS THE POWER OF THE SOUL. NOT IMMEDIATELY OF COURSE, OUR PRAYERS ARE TOO DIRECT AND OUR PURPOSE TOO GRAND, HOWEVER, THE POWER OF THIS MACHINE STIRS GUILT WITHIN ME, NIGHT AND SPACE AND STARS HOLD PROMISE FOR OUR UNITY... AND STILL, THIS GUILT, OR IS IT UNCERTAINTY? ABANDONMENT? NO.

TO HALT THIS INTRUSION OF MY FAITH, TO WALK IN CONFIDENT REVERENT DEVOTION- THAT IS ALL I WISH, FOR MY DOUBT IS NOT HUMBLE, TO BASK IN THE GLORY OF THIS WORK, WHICH I KNOW TO BE GREAT, MAY GOD HELP ME.

I KNOW THAT IF I AM TO GAIN SALVATION FROM THIS CALM PANIC, I MUST CONFESS AND APOLOGIZE... AND TO LOOK TO SOMEONE STRONGER THAN I, ONE WITH CONFIDENCE IN THIS SUPREME ACT OF OUR FAITH AND HIS LOVE. I AM IN ADEED OF THAT KIND OF WISDOM WHICH IS ONLY BROUGHT BY CERTAINTY IN ONE'S MOTIVES. BISHOP BROCK AND MOTHER ANAIS, I FEAR, WOULD BE INTOLERANT OF THIS WEAKNESS. I CAN ONLY LOOK TO ONE PERSON FOR THAT WISDOM, ONE WHOSE SPIRITUAL FIBRE IS BOLD AND UNTAINTED. JOSHUA, THE PURIFIER.

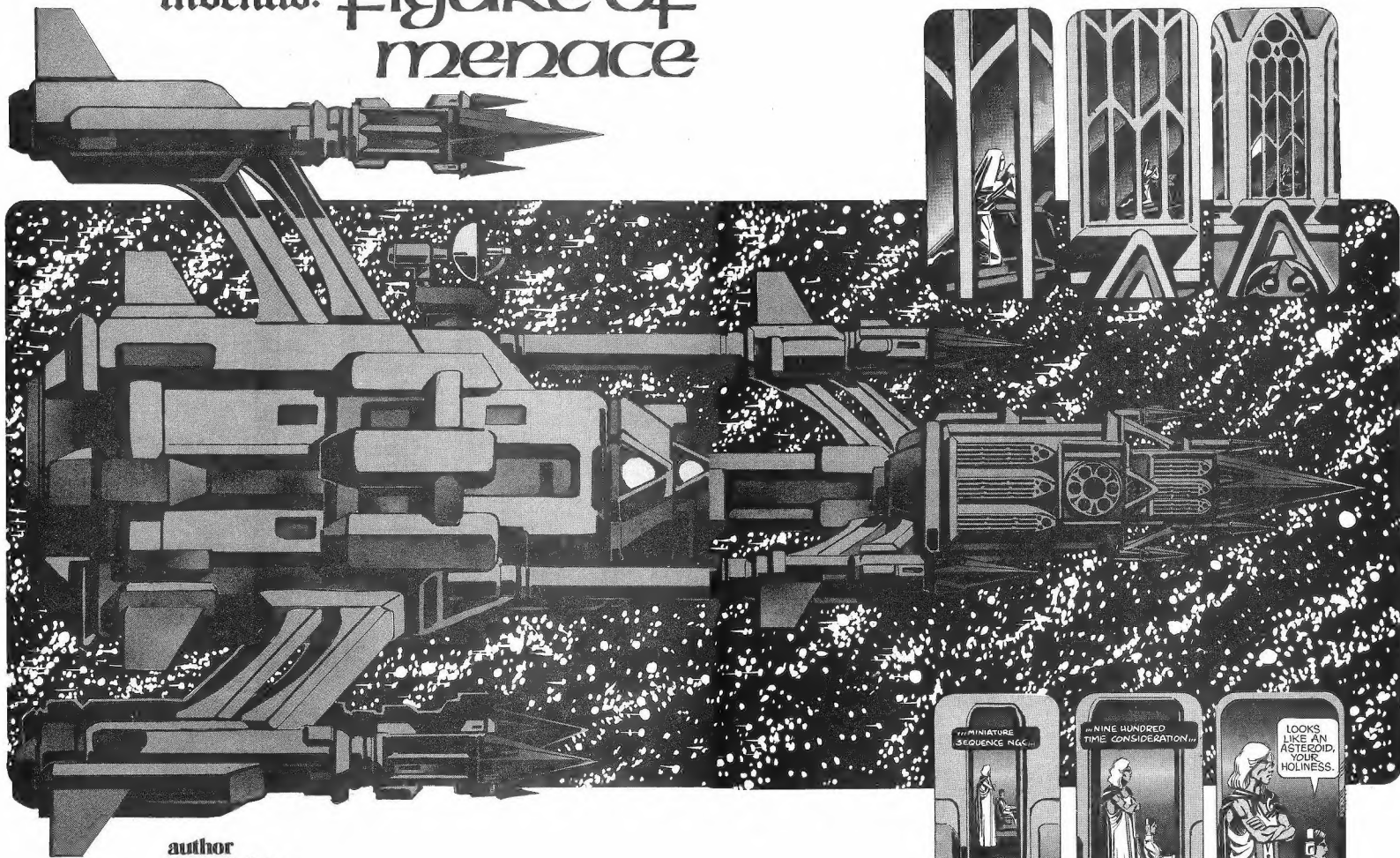
I HOPE AND PRAY THAT HIS POWER FINDS THE ANXIOUSNESS IN MY SOUL.



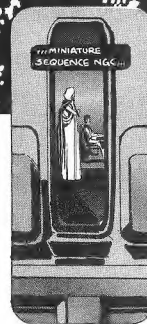
"DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM,  
ET CLAMOR MEUS AD TE VENIAT.  
(LORD, HEAR MY PRAYER,  
AND LET MY CRY COME UNTO THEE)

the  
Sacred  
and the  
profane

# inventio: figure of menace



author  
Dean Motter  
illustrator  
Ken Steacy



I'M GRATIFIED THAT YOU HAVE FINALLY CONSENTED TO PLAY ME, YOUR EMINENCE.

NOT AT ALL, BUT PLEASE, LEAVE US NOT BE SO FORMAL DURING THIS MATCH.

AS YOU WISH...

MOTHER ANAIS TELLS ME THAT YOU'VE SOME -eh- MISGIVINGS CONCERNING THE MISSION, ERIC.

MISGIVINGS? I? CERTAINLY NOT. PREMONITIONS, INDEED, BUT MISGIVINGS? NEVER, SIR!

AH, WELL, I AM RELIEVED-- BUT TELL ME, WHAT SORT OF PREMONITIONS?

I'M AFRAID THEY ARE OF A DARK NATURE, CARDINAL. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE THE METAPHOR, ENDGAME IS IMMINENT... ENDGAME FOR SAINT CATHERINE'S MISSION. THE FINAL MOVES ARE BEING PLAYED AT THIS VERY MOMENT. EVERYTHING THAT OCCURS FROM THIS POINT FORWARD WILL CREATE A PATTERN OF ENTRAPMENT--AND I AM NOT AT ALL CERTAIN THAT WE WILL BE ABLE TO EXTRICATE OURSELVES.

YOU STARTLE ME...

I ASSUMED ALL WAS GOING WELL...

I ONCE PLAYED A MATCH WITH A LONDON THEOLOGICIAN WHO WAS ALSO QUITE TAKEN WITH THE GAME. THE EXTRAORDINARY THING ABOUT THIS MATCH WAS THAT WE USED ASHER BOARD AND CHESSMEN. THE GAME WAS PLAYED ENTIRELY VERBALLY.

INCREDIBLE!

PERHAPS. BUT, YOU SEE, TO AN ONLOOKER THE MATCH APPEARED TO BE A VERY CALM CONVERSATION...

AND IT IS THIS KIND OF OBSCURITY THAT CONCEALS OUR PLIGHT?

YES.

Hmmmm... THAT MATCH MUST HAVE DEMANDED NO SMALL AMOUNT OF CONCENTRATION. I WONDER WHY, WITH SUCH INTENSITY, YOU NEVER TOOK TO THE CLOTH?

Oh, THE TEMPTATION IS ENORMOUS, BUT IT DEMANDS ENDUREMENT RATHER THAN DISCRIMINATE ANALYSIS...

IT DOES...

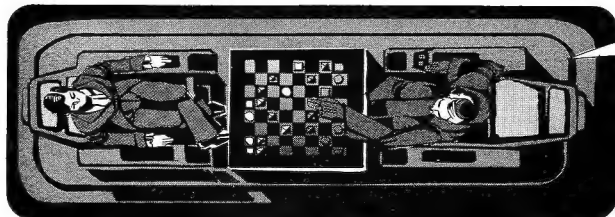
A GODLY MAN IS DOUBTFUL OF HIMSELF, BUT NOT OF THE TRUTH. I DOUBT NEITHER... AND AM THEREFORE GUILTY OF THE SIN OF ARROGANCE.

--AND WE CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE ARROGANT CLERGY.

EXACTLY. I PREFER MY STATION AS A LAYMAN-ADVISOR.

CHECK.



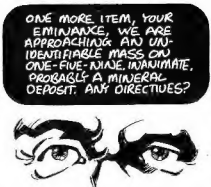


DEAR ME, STILL, YOUR OBSERVATIONS TROUBLE ME... I SIMPLY CANNOT UNDERSTAND...

THIS IS THE BRIDGE, YOUR EMINENCE, WE HAVE THE NAVIGATIONS YOU REQUESTED.



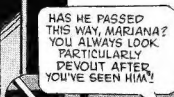
VERY WELL, SEND THEM UP...



ONE MORE ITEM, YOUR EMINENCE, WE ARE APPROACHING AN UNIDENTIFIABLE MASS ON ONE-FIVE-NINE. INANIMATE, PROBABLY A MINERAL DEPOSIT. ANY DIRECTIVES?

NO. NO, LET BISHOP FRANKLIN DEAL WITH IT..

MATE... YOUR EMINENCE.



HAS HE PASSED THIS WAY, MARIANA? YOU ALWAYS LOOK PARTICULARLY DEVOUT AFTER YOU'VE SEEN HIM!

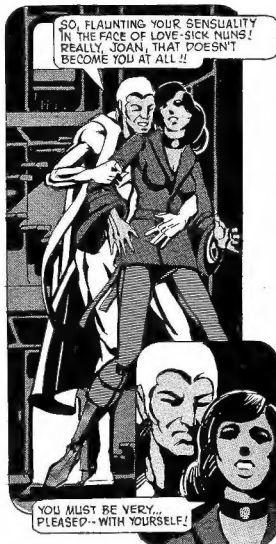
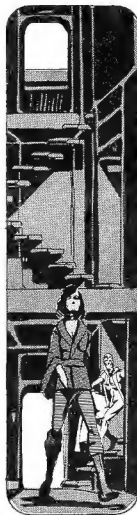


I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND...

LOOK! IF YOU HAVE CONTEMPT FOR ME, SISTER, YOU MIGHT AS WELL SHOW IT! WE BOTH KNOW HOW YOU PINE FOR JOSHUA. AND WE BOTH KNOW I HOLD A PART OF HIS LIFE FAR LARGER THAN YOU CAN EVER HOPE TO. YOUR BONDS ARE TOO SEVERE...



COME NOW, MISS BROCK. SURELY YOU'VE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN DISTURB THE GOOD SISTER, HERE, AMIDST HER DUTIES.





LET'S CLARIFY THIS  
RIGHT NOW! YOU  
SHARE MY BED,  
BUT THAT'S ALL!!  
YOU CAN KEEP  
YOUR HARLOT'S NOSE  
OUT OF CHURCH  
BUSINESS! CLEAR?  
CLEAR!!

RIGHT... I SUPPOSE  
TODAY WE  
SHALL...

I CALLED YOU  
TO THE BRIDGE,  
JOSHUA!

I WAS ON MY WAY, YOUR  
HOLINESS. I WAS DETAINED  
BY MISS BROCK, HERE.


WHAT A LOAD OF  
S\*\*T!! I WAS  
SIMPLY--

BE ON YOUR WAY,  
MISS BROCK...


...I'M NOT  
INTERESTED  
IN YOUR  
SORDID  
AFFAIRS!...

...OR YOURS,  
PURIFIER!

IT WASN'T WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE,  
ARCHBISHOP. I WAS JUST IN THE  
PROCESS OF ANSWERING YOUR CALL...




JOSHUA, I WANT  
A WORD WITH  
YOU...



JUST WHAT THE HELL DO  
YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?  
YOU ARE NOT ABOVE  
CRITICISM--SEVERE  
CRITICISM AT THAT!!  
YOUR POSITION IS SHAKY!  
YOU ARE A CONTROVERSY!!

I ASSURE YOU,  
ARCHBISHOP!...

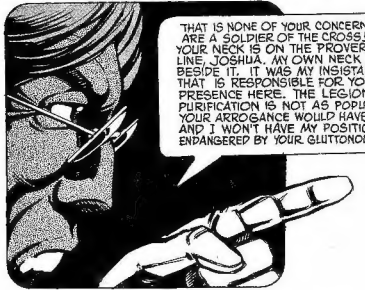


LOOK! YOU ARE AN  
AGENT OF THIS  
MISSION--NOT A  
PASSENGER. YOU  
AREN'T TO ANNOY  
MEMBERS OF THE  
CONGREGATION!...  
AND ESPECIALLY  
BISHOP BROCK'S  
NIECE!

SHE'S A PROMISCUOUS  
FLIRT! SHE DESERVES  
NO SPECIAL--



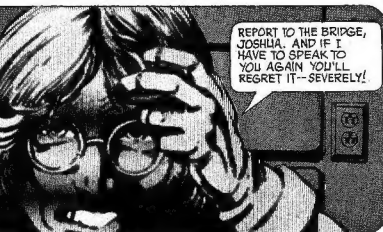
RIGHT  
NOW!



THAT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN!! YOU  
ARE A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS! AND  
YOUR NECK IS ON THE PROVERBIAL  
LINE, JOSHUA. MY OWN NECK IS RIGHT  
BESIDE IT. IT WAS MY INSISTANCE  
THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR  
PRESENCE HERE. THE LEGION OF  
PURIFICATION IS NOT AS POPULAR AS  
YOUR ARROGANCE WOULD HAVE IT!  
AND I WON'T HAVE MY POSITION  
ENDANGERED BY YOUR GLUTTONOUS EGO!!



HAVE A CARE...  
YOUR HOLINESS!



REPORT TO THE BRIDGE,  
JOSHUA. AND IF I  
HAVE TO SPEAK TO  
YOU AGAIN YOU'LL  
REGRET IT--SEVERELY!



THAT WAS A SUPERB KUGLE YOU  
PLAYED AT LAST NIGHTS MASS,  
JOHN, ONE OF YOUR OWN  
COMPOSITIONS ? ASSUMED

IT IS NOT FINISHED G. I. IS  
PART OF A "VICTORY SUIT".

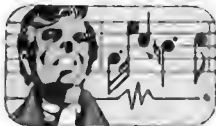
Does it  
communicate  
a particular  
information?

0154

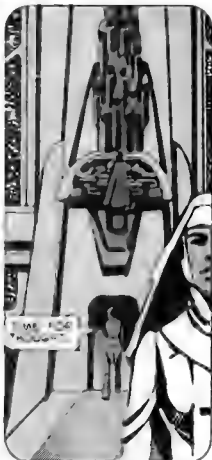


THE WORDS YOU OFTEN  
HEAR IN THE TIME  
WHEN WE TRANSIT  
THE PURPOSE OF THIS  
MEDICATION WHOSE  
BOLLY IS OUR  
SANCTUARY.

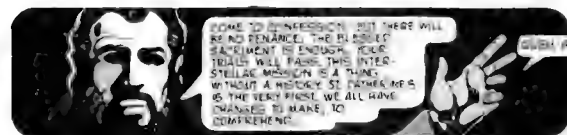
LET ME PLAY THE CONVENTION  
: I'VE BEEN COMING TO



— 200 —



THE





REVEREND MOTHER?

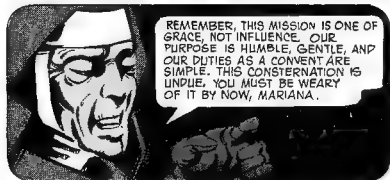


SISTER MARIANA--  
YOU WISHED  
COUNSELLING?

THANK YOU,  
REVEREND  
MOTHER--  
THANK YOU!



IS IT STILL THIS  
WORRY ABOUT  
OUR PURPOSE...  
AND YOUR  
CONSCIENCE?



REMEMBER, THIS MISSION IS ONE OF  
GRACE, NOT INFLUENCE. OUR  
PURPOSE IS HUMBLE, GENTLE, AND  
OUR DUTIES AS A CONVENT ARE  
SIMPLE. THIS CONSTERNATION IS  
UNPUE, YOU MUST BE WEARY  
OF IT BY NOW, MARIANA.

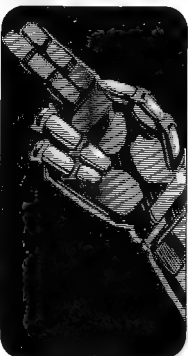
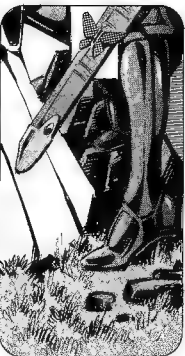
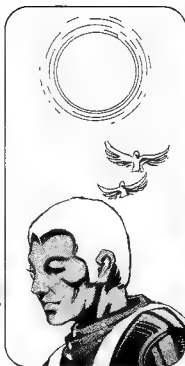


OH, I AM, MOTHER ANAÏS, AND SO VERY  
ILL- PREPARED FOR IT. OF LATE A NEW SHAPE  
HAS INVADDED MY CONTEMPLATION. I LOOK  
TO THAT SHAPE IN ADMIRATION FOR  
CONFIDENCE IN OUR EFFORT, FOR A  
POSITIVE MANNER OF FAITH. WHAT I  
LACK IS FULFILLED SO UTTERLY BY HIM--  
BUT IT'S DISQUIETING AND  
PAINFUL--FOR I AM LOSING  
MY ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH THE  
SPIRITUAL, THE ESCHATOLOGICAL,  
FROM THE FLESHLY. I DO NOT  
KNOW IF I DESIRE HIM OR  
HIS PASSIONATE COMMITMENT.

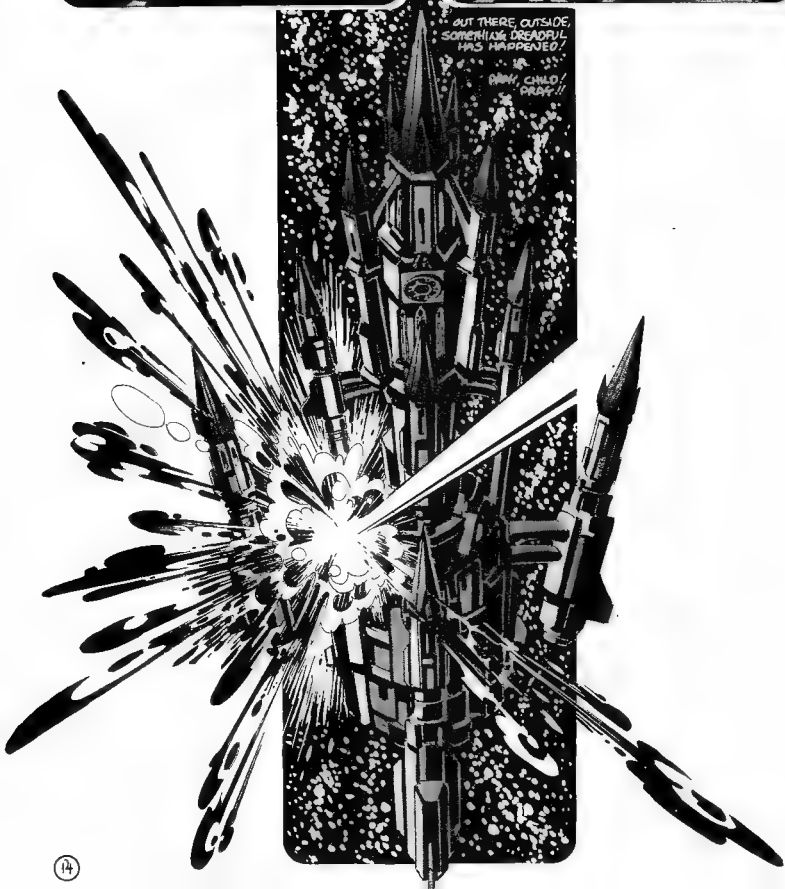
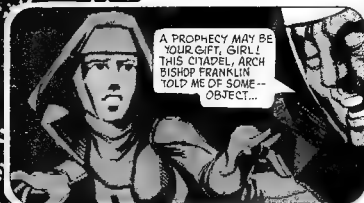


SUCH CONFUSION  
COULD BECOME  
SACRILEGIOUS.

...AND FEARFUL, YET I CANNOT  
TEAR MYSELF FROM HIS  
IMAGE... HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
HIS GLORY...









THE GROTESQUE FIGURE ON THIS FORLORN ROCK IN THE DESERT IS GHENNA, AN ASTRO-PHYSICIST! SHE AND HER HUSBAND, KNOWN AS THE POET, ARE TWO PRIME SPECIMENS OF THE RACE FROM THE HORSE-GALAXY, TENTH QUADRANT, KNOWN AS THE NIER! A RACE CAUGHT BETWEEN TRADITION AND THE URGE TO BLOSSOM FORTH! THE ACT YOU NOW WITNESS IS THE RESULT OF ONE OF THE MORE BARBARIC TRADITIONS! A TRADITION THAT HAS VICTIMIZED THE NIER SINCE ITS INCEPTION! GHENNA IS YET ANOTHER SACRIFICE IN HER RACE'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO DEFY THE....

# HOMESTONE

© COPYRIGHT 1977; ALL RIGHTS RESERVED BY  
YVES BARBERO, RAYE HORNE, AND DANILO  
BULANADI



**B**EFORE THE FREUDIAN THEORY OF SEX BEING THE PRIME MOTIVE FOR LIFE THE GENERAL ASSUMPTION WAS MORE TOWARD THE SENTIMENTAL... THE HEARTH... THE HOME! FOR THE NIER, THIS IS NOT A MATTER OF MERE **PSYCHOLOGY**! THERE IS AN INTENSE PHYSICAL NEED TO RETURN TO THIS ROCK IN THE DESERT! THE HOMESTONE HAD NOURISHED AND SUSTAINED THE RACE SINCE ITS INCEPTION. NOW... IT CHAINED THEM... I IMMOBILIZED THE NIER'S EVOLUTIONARY ADVANCEMENT.. IT HAD TO BE DEFIED!

THE GRIM DUTY IS DONE! LET US RETURN TO THE CITY!

LORD POET, IT ISN'T OVER YET! WE CANNOT ALLOW YOUR PERSONAL TRAGEDY TO BECOME A POLITICAL TRAGEDY!!

THE RELIGIOUS PARTY CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO TURN YOU AND YOUR WIFE'S ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE HOMESTONE'S HOLD INTO AN OBJECT LESSON!

AYE! THE CHAINS OF THE HOMESTONE MUST BE BROKEN IF THE NIER ARE TO SURVIVE!!

THE HOMESTONE-HOLD ON US DESTROY'S PERFECT BEAUTY, AND PERFECT MIND... THINGS THAT WERE THE ESSENCE OF GHENNA... MY WIFE...

... THE POET REMEMBERS THE GREAT SHIP THE NIER HAD BUILT...

... IN AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE HOLD OF THE HOMESTONE, THE CRAFT WAS CAPABLE OF DEFYING LIGHT SPEED IN ORDER TO REACH THEIR GALAXY'S EDGE...

I PRAY FOR OUR SUCCESS, DEAR WIFE!

ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, HUSBAND, IF WE CAN GET PAST OUR GALAXY'S EDGE, IT WILL NEGATE THE HOMESTONE'S EFFECT ON US!



...ALL WAS GOING BY THE PLAN!  
BUT AS SUCCESS SEEMED WITHIN  
OUR GRASP... DISASTER  
STRUCK!!—

THE SHIP SEEMED TO  
REVERSE ITSELF AND  
GO SCREAMING BACK TO  
THE TENTH QUADRANT!  
THE HOMESTONE WAS  
SUMMONING ITS  
OWN...

THE CALL OF THE HOMESTONE: LIKE A MONK'S  
TRIPLE BLADE TEARING THRU OUR  
MINDS...



ONLY THE FACT THAT I AM A MUTATION  
SAVED ME FROM TOTAL INSANITY...

HOWEVER  
GHENNA  
MY WIFE...



GHENNA  
BELOVED...?



... BEING OF ARISTOCRATIC  
STOCK... WAS NOT SO  
FORTUNATE!



PRESENT...

SHORTLY AFTER THE POET'S WIFE REMAINS ARE DISPOSED OF HE AND HIS FRIENDS RETURN TO THE CAPITOL CITY

MEANWHILE AT THE CITADEL-OF-THE PURE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE RELIGIOUS PARTY, LIFE GOES ON...

...NOVICES' MEMBRANES ARE REMOVED AND VOWS TAKEN, TO INSURE LOYALTY AND CELIBACY... THE NIER'S ABILITY TO SOAR WITH THE CROSSWINDS OF THEIR WORLD GOES AGAINST THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES...

THE POET REMEMBERS THE EARLY TIMES SOARING WITH HIS WIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS...





YOUTH HAD BOTH REACH THE  
HIGH WINDS CIRCLING AND  
SHOOTING UP THE MOUNTAINS.

WITH THE  
UPDRAFTS...

...THE HIGHER THEY SOARED  
THE LONGER  
THE LOVE DIVE...



THE CHILL ENHANCED  
THEIR LOVE-MAKING...  
THE NIER, FOR EONS, EMPLOYED THIS  
METHOD FOR PHYSICAL PLEASURE! GHENNA AND  
THE POET HAD ENJOYED A LONG AND HAPPY UNION!

PRESENT: THE POET AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE AT  
GOVERNMENT CENTER...



GOOD NEWS, POET!  
AN ALIEN SHIP HAS  
ENTERED OUR  
GALAXY!



IT MUST HAVE TRAVELED  
MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS  
TO GET HERE!



WE MUST PREPARE TO  
MAKE CONTACT!

THEY MUST'VE  
FOUND A WAY TO SUPPRESS  
THEIR OPPOSITION AND  
BREAK THEIR HOMESTONE  
HOLD!

THEY SHOULD BE IN RANGE  
IN ABOUT TEN DAYS! LET'S HOPE  
THEY'RE NOT ALL DEAD BY THE  
TIME WE MAKE CONTACT!

MEANWHILE NEWS OF THE SHIP'S  
SIGHTING HAS REACHED THE CITADEL  
OF--THE--PURE...

IF THE SECULAR PARTY IS  
ALLOWED TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THIS  
VESSEL, IT COULD  
MEAN OUR RUIN!

OUR POWER IS BASED ON CONTROLLING THE  
PEOPLE THRU RESPECT FOR TRADITION! ONCE THE  
ACCURSED MEMBRANES OF OUR RACE ARE CLIPPED  
THE ABILITY TO REPRODUCE IS NULLIFIED!

IF THE SECULAR PARTY'S  
AIMS ARE REALIZED,  
TECHNOLOGY WOULD  
SOON QUADRUPLE!  
OUR DESTRUCTION WOULD  
BE ASSURED, AND..

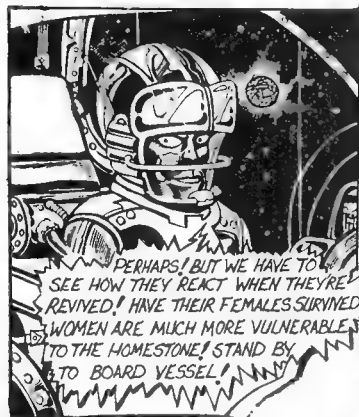
IF OUR RACE'S DEPENDENCE ON THE HOMESTONE  
IS NEGATED WITH THE REPRODUCTIVE ABILITIES  
INTACT, AND UNLIMITED TECHNOLOGY WITHIN  
REACH...

... OUR POSITION WOULD RAPIDLY  
BECOME... SHALL WE SAY...  
UNTENABLE!

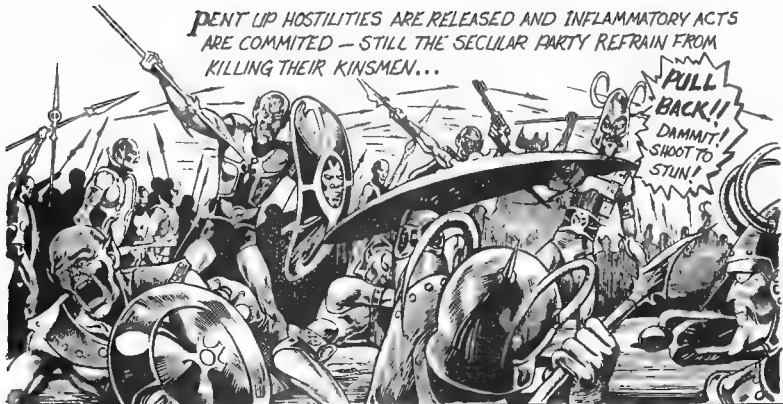
THEN THE ANSWER IS  
OBVIOUS, FORCE A  
REBELLION--NOW!



TEN DAYS LATER  
CONTACT IS MADE...

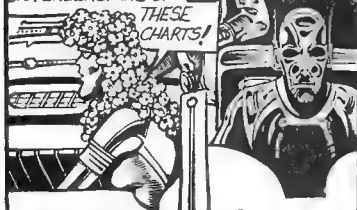


PENT UP HOSTILITIES ARE RELEASED AND INFLAMMATORY ACTS ARE COMMITTED — STILL THE SECULAR PARTY REFRAIN FROM KILLING THEIR KINSMEN...



MEANWHILE ABOARD THE ALIEN CRAFT...

THEY HAD NO INTENTION OF COMING THIS FAR FROM WHAT I CAN UNDERSTAND OF THESE CHARTS!



NO MATTER! WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS HOW THEY DEFEATED THEIR HOMESTONE!



THESE RECORDS ARE VERY STRANGE! THEY HAD AN ACCIDENT AND LEFT THEIR OWN GALAXY! THEY'VE BEEN IN FLIGHT FOR TWO MILLION YEARS ACCORDING TO THE RADIO-CARBON TESTS!



LATER EXAMINATION REVEALS...



WE MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS!  
THIS SHIP WAS CLEARLY  
DESIGNED FOR WAR!

DISARM THEIR  
WEAPONS! AS SOON  
AS THAT'S DONE,  
REVIVE THEM! TAKE  
SPECIAL CARE OF  
THE WOMEN!

AYE  
LORD  
POET!

MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANET SURFACE  
OPEN WARFARE BREAKOUT IN THE  
STREETS...



HOWEVER, AS THE SPACE  
WORK PROGRESSED...

TRAGEDY  
LORD POET!

WHAT!?

... SPURRED ON BY THE PRIESTS  
FOR A TIME THINGS GO WELL  
FOR THE RELIGIOUS PARTISANS...  
UNTIL THE SECULAR PARTY'S ELITE GUARDS ARRIVES...



THESE ALIENS  
HAVE NO WOMEN!

TO BE OF ANY USE  
TO US, THESE ALIENS  
HAD TO BE ABLE TO  
SHOW US HOW TO  
REPRODUCE TEN  
MILLION LIGHT YEARS  
FROM THEIR GALAXY!

... SUDDENLY IT'S TECHNOLOGY  
AGAINST TRADITION...



AND INEVITABLY, TRADITION GIVES WAY TO PROGRESS!  
HOWEVER, THE DEATH COUNT DECIMATE THE NIER  
POPULATION TO CRITICAL!



MEANWHILE IN DEEP  
SPACE...



THESE "EARTH"-THINGS  
WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SURVIVE  
LONG WITHOUT THEIR WOMEN!  
THEIR RACE CANNOT  
PERPETUATE ITSELF HERE!  
DESTROY THE SHIP!

FOUR MONTHS LATER, THE NIER  
BUILD A NEW SHIP



LORD POET, WITH THE  
DATA WE'VE COLLECTED  
ON THE ALIENS PROCESS  
OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION,  
WE HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR  
YOUR SUCCESS!

SUDDENLY FROM  
THE CROWD...

NO!! ENOUGH, LORD  
POET!! THIS TRAVESTY  
MUST CEASE!!



THE NIER DO NOT NEED THESE USELESS  
EXPERIMENTS OF YOU PEOPLE!  
THE HOMESTONE HAS BEEN  
OUR LIFE SINCE TIME. I'M -  
MEMORIAL AND IT SHALL  
REMAIN SO, UNTIL THE  
DEMISE OF THE NIER  
RACE!





THIS "EXPERIMENT" HAS BECOME  
VITALLY NECESSARY BECAUSE OF  
YOUR SENSELESS LUST FOR  
POWER!

ENOUGH BLASPHEMY! WE  
MUST PRESERVE THE  
VIRTUE OF THE  
**UHWK!!**



IT HAS BECOME BIOLOGICALLY NE-  
CESSARY TO DEFY THE HOMESTONE!  
WITH THE POPULATION DECIMATED  
NORMAL REPRODUCTION CANNOT  
SUSTAIN SOCIETY! "HOW IRONIC,"  
THINKS THE POET, "THAT THE PRIESTS  
THEMSELVES 'VE FORCED THIS..."

DESIGN BY  
**DANNY BULANADI**  
AND  
**RAY HORNE**



...LAST ADVENTURE UPON US!"

THE POET MAKES HIS WAY TO THE EDGE  
OF THE GALAXY IN SUSPENDED  
ANIMATION! WHETHER OR NOT HE  
SUCCEEDS IN RETAINING HIS SANITY  
WHEN HE AWAKENS: ...



... WILL DETERMINE THE  
SURVIVAL OR EXTINCTION  
OF THE NIER!...



WRITTEN BY: YVES REGIS  
FRANÇOIS

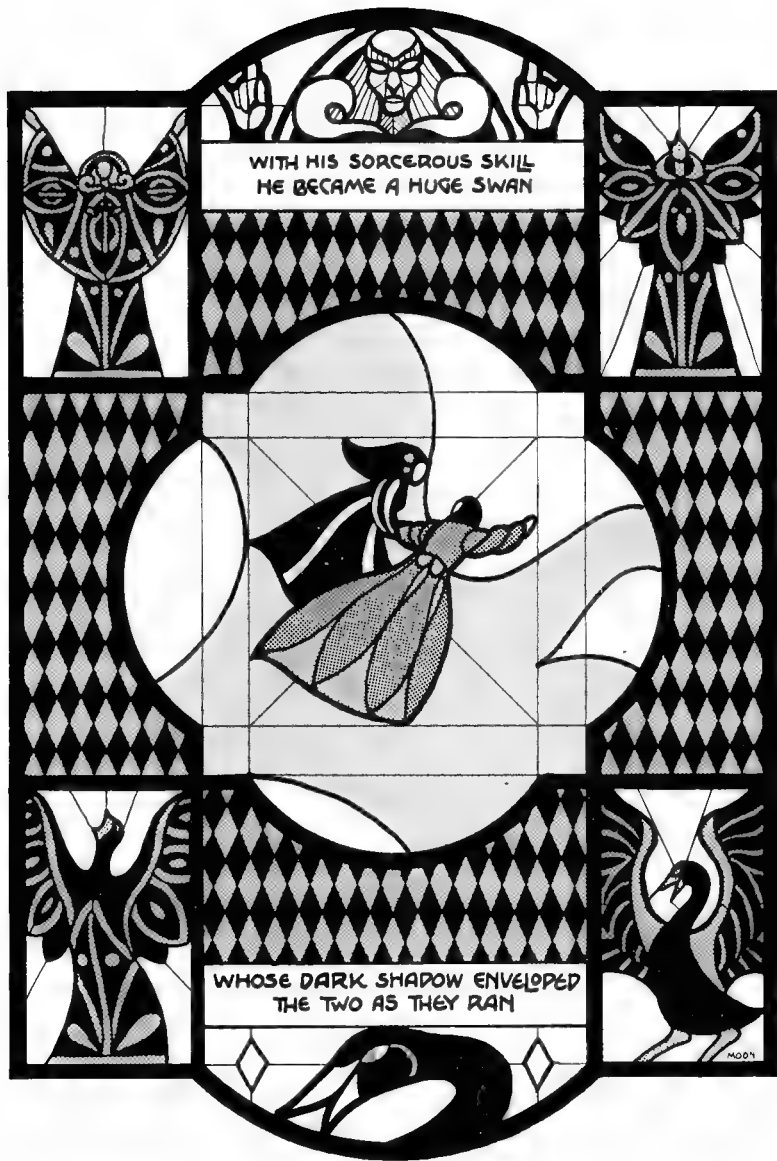


WARM AS DAY-FATHER'S LOVE OF THE EARTH IN THE MORN,  
WAS THE LOVE OF

© COPYRIGHT 1977 by MICKEY SCHWABEROW

SERIAH & DAMON



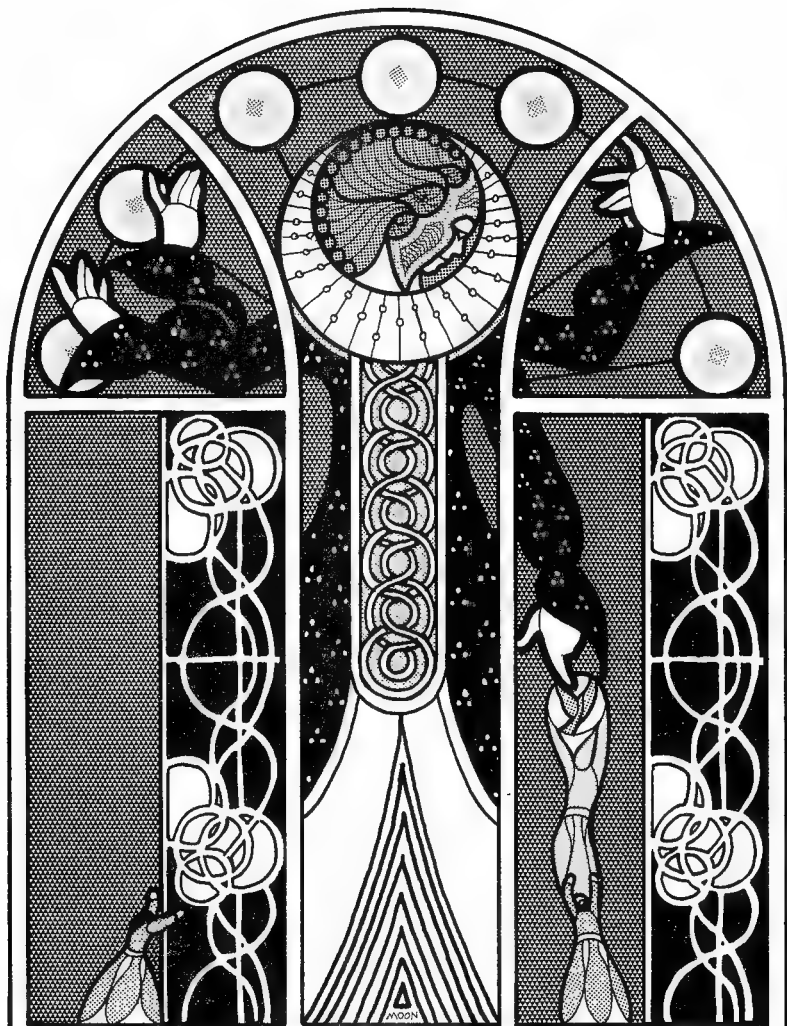


WITH HIS SORCEROUS SKILL  
HE BECAME A HUGE SWAN

WHOSE DARK SHADOW ENVELOPED  
THE TWO AS THEY RAN



B'ARTH'S WING FELLED THE MAN AS HE SWOOPED FROM THE SKIES.  
HIS WEBBED FEET GRIPPED SERIAH. HE SOARED WITH HIS PRIZE.



THREE LONG DAYS DAMON WALKED  
TO THE TOWER OF B'CARTH.  
ITS SHEER WALLS OF DESPAIR  
HAD NO DOORWAY NOR STAIR.

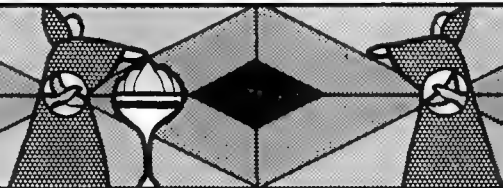
IN HER SKYDANCE NIGHTMOTHER  
BEHELD DAMON'S FLIGHT.  
WITH A TOUCH AND A WORD  
SHE MADE DAMON A BIRD.



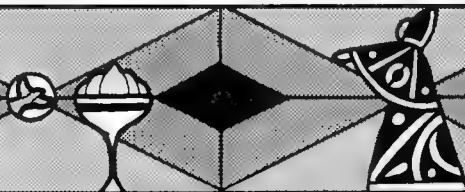
HIS LOVE SPURNED BY SERIAH, B'ARTH WOKE A SPELL  
TO TRADE DAMON'S YOUNG BODY FOR HIS DYING SHELL



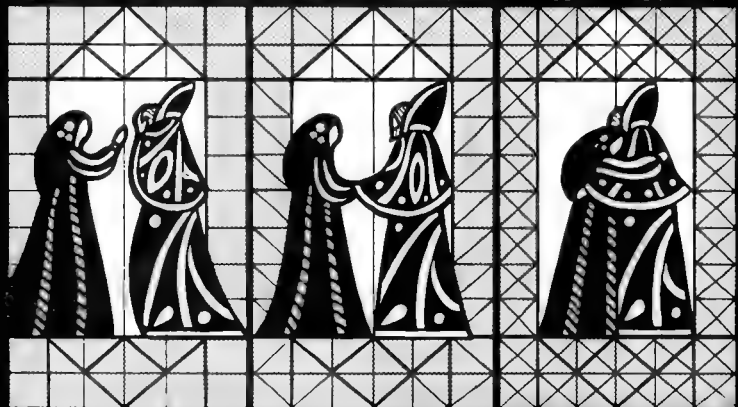
WITH A CLAP OF HIS HANDS, B'ARTH SIGNALLLED THE TRADE,



THEN DISCOVERED WITH HORROR HE HAD BEEN BETRAYED.



WITH HIS BIRD CLAWS B'CARTH TORE THE FACE DAMON WORE.  
DAMON'S WIZARD HAND CLAIMED B'CARTH'S SPIRIT IN FLAME.



THOUGH SERIAH COULD SEE THROUGH HIS SHAPE TO HIS HEART,  
DAMON'S DREAD TRANSFORMATION BROKE THEIR WORLD APART.



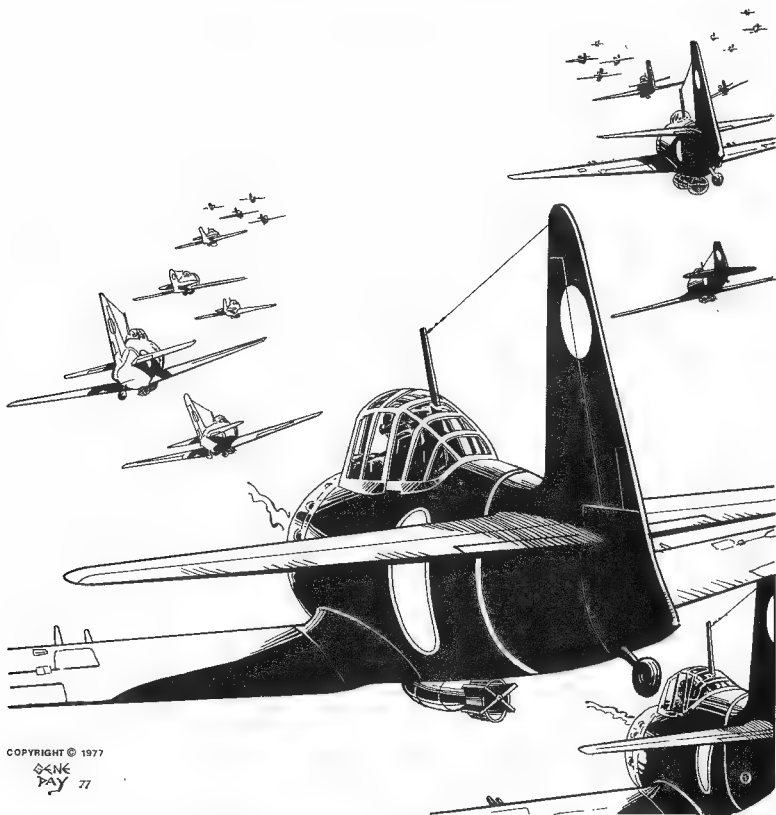
HIGH NIGHTMOTHER HEARD THEM. TO SKYHOME SHE LED THEM.  
AS ONE STAR SHE WED THEM FOR ETERNITY.

# DIVINE WIND

OH GLORIOUS *ANCESTORS* ... WE ARE THE CHOSEN ONES. THIS WE WERE TOLD... THIS, THEN, MUST BE THE TRUTH...

VOLUNTEERS *ALL*, WE STEPPED FORTH FROM OUR *EARTH-BOUND* SOULS -- STEPPED INTO THE *SUN*. NOW, WE ARE SONS OF THE SUN ... OFFSPRING OF THE EMPEROR OF EARTH...

... *RIDERS* OF THE *DIVINE WIND*!



OUR LAND-IMPRISONED BROTHERS BID US SILENT  
FAREWELL. THEY ARE SAD AT OUR DEPARTURE  
--BUT THEY SHED NO TEARS..."

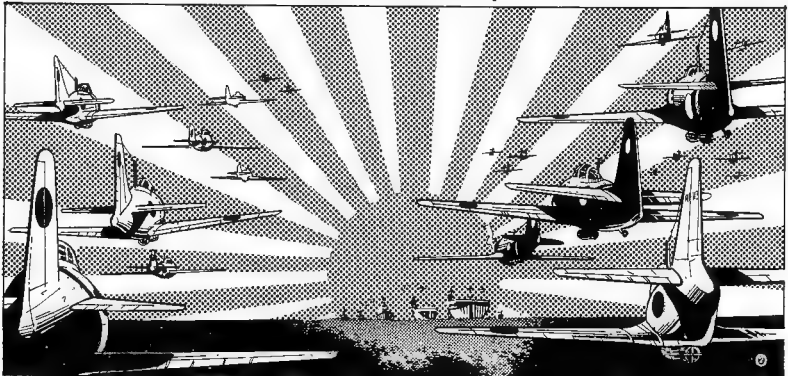


NONE WILL WEEP FOR US.  
WHY SHOULD MORTALS WEEP  
FOR GODS? TRUE, OUR MORTAL  
SHELLS SHALL PERISH ...

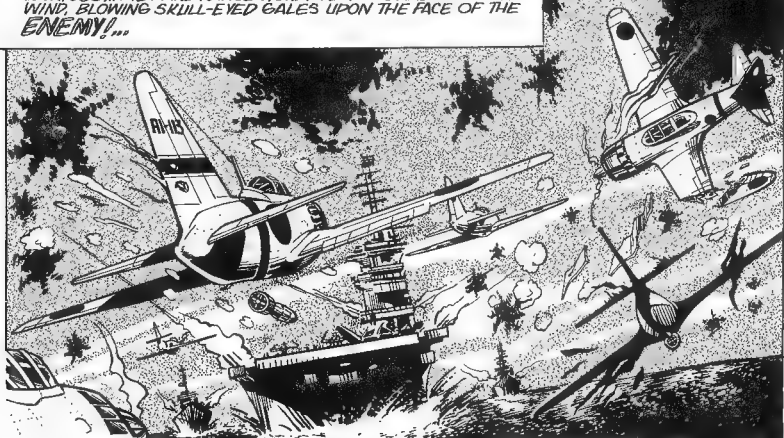
BUT FROM THE MEAT OF OUR  
DECAYED FLESH, JAPAN SHALL  
LIVE FOREVER..."



"YOU WILL MEET THE ENEMY IN THE SANTA CRUZ ISLANDS," OUR COMMANDER HAD TOLD  
US. THE COCKPIT HAD BEEN CLOSED, *ENCASING* US WITHIN OUR RATTLING  
VESSELS. WE SET FORTH TO JOURNEY TO THE SUN.



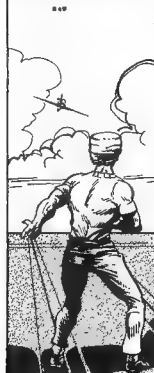
182  
"PREPARE YOURSELVES AND REJOICE," WE WERE TOLD. "DEATH IS GLORIOUS... THE FINAL VOYAGE WONDERFUL... YOU ARE THE DIVINE WIND, BLOWING SKULL-EYED GALES UPON THE FACE OF THE ENEMY!"



...WE WERE PROUD!...



SOME SANG  
DEATH CHANTS  
...



...WHILE OTHERS  
FACED THE END  
IN SILENCE...



ALL DREAMT OF  
WHAT WAS  
TOLD TO US...



DREAMT OF  
WHAT IT WOULD  
BE LIKE IN  
THE HEART...



...OF THE  
SUN.

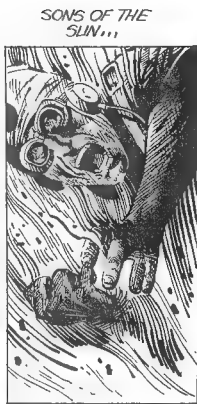
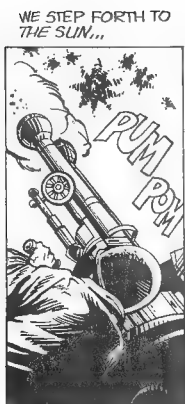
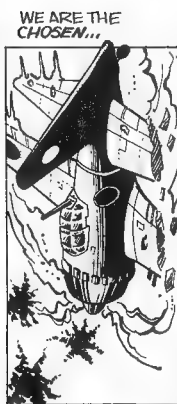
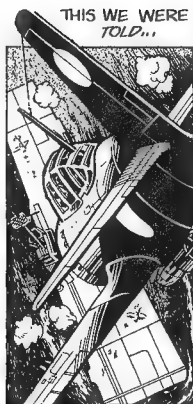


OH EARTH-BOUND SHELL, YOU'VE  
LITTLE TIME TO ACHIEVE... THE  
JOURNEY FROM WIND TO  
GLORY DRAWS RAPIDLY NEAR  
COMPLETION...

LAUGH AT THE FEAR IN THE  
ROUND-EYES. SCOFF AT  
THEIR SCREAMS. IGNORE ALL  
EARTHLY SENSES AND BE  
MAN ENOUGH TO PASS FROM  
THIS WRETCHED WORLD IN  
A STATE OF SUPREME  
VALOUR...







Art and Story:  
GENE DAY  
letters: DAVE SIM

Silent night, holy night  
All is calm,  
All is quiet

**BBRRING**

QUIET? HEY, WAIT A SECOND! WHAT'S THAT RINGING, Hmmm?  
CAN'T BE FROM OUTSIDE THE SHIP  
(VACUUM OF SPACE AND ALL THAT). INSIDE THE SHIP?

**BBRRRING**

YEP! BET THAT'S IT!

SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK?



**MEDITATION  
HOUR CAN WRITE  
A LITTLE ...**

OH NO YOU DON'T!

I'M NOT LOSING YOU BOTH.

LET'S PLAY WHILE.

RACHEL, YOU LUSTY WENCH! I'M STARVING! LET'S GET SOME FOOD IN OUR BELLIES FIRST, AND THEN ...

OH, BREAKFAST  
WILL WAIT A  
BIT. MY  
**GRACIOUS!**  
WHAT'S THIS  
CUTE LITTLE  
THING POKING  
ME?

**MISS VON RAVEN!**  
WHAT ARE YOU...  
YOU... OOOOHHH...  
... WHERE, YOU  
TEASE... MAAAA

HA HA HA - HEY YOU! I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
HUNGRY! HA HA HA

Hungry?  
Mmmmm!

COME WITH US NOW AS WE EXPLORE BOTH WORLDS. AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE...

**WORLDS WITHOUT WORLDS WITHIN**

ART/STORY © 1977 MICHAEL T. GILBERT 30

LETTERING • TOM CRZECIOWSKI

**METAL WORLD!** DECADES OF PLANNING TO CREATE A COMBINATION STAR-VESSEL  
AND TOTAL LIVING ENVIRONMENT.  
**METAL WORLD.** A WORLD TRAVELLING THROUGH SPACE WITH A TOTAL CREW CONSISTING OF:

Maxwell Silverhammer

THREE PEOPLE  
RACHEL VON RAVEN

IAN C. MCCOOL



ONE HOUR LATER...

Morning,  
loves. Up  
60 soon?

HI, MAXXY. SORRY WE'RE  
LATE AGAIN. THANKS FOR  
FIXIN' BREAKFAST. FLAPJACKS?

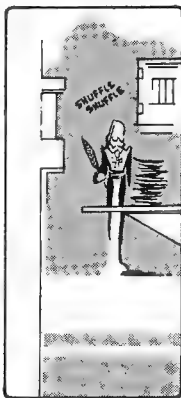
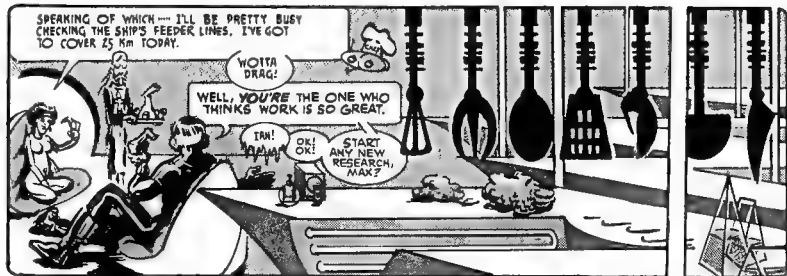
YOU COULDN'T  
SET THE FOOD  
ON AUTOMATIC  
THOUGH.

Ahh, Ian.  
We've been  
through that  
already.

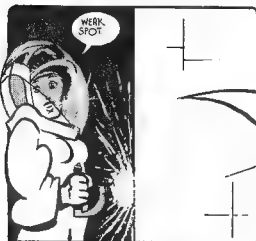
FLAP!

YEAH, YEAH,  
MR. NATURAL.





ON A SHIP HALF THE SIZE OF RHODE ISLAND, EVEN WITH THE INCALCULABLE ASSISTANCE OF COMPUTER AIDS — THERE ARE ALWAYS NUMEROUS TASKS TO BE COMPLETED.



CERTAIN JOBS ARE REQUIRED.



CERTAIN JOBS ARE OPTIONAL.



AND CERTAIN JOBS ARE SOMETIMES... NEGLECTED!



NO NO - NOT  
AT ALL! COME  
IN, RACHEL.

MAXX - WHAT'S  
WRONG, BABY? ARE  
YOU FEELING  
ALL RIGHT?

IS IT  
ANYTHING  
WE'VE  
DONE OR  
SAID?

Oh no! Don't think  
that! You're both  
wonderful. I love  
you each dearly.  
It's just that...

that...

...well, we've been  
on this ship for  
over two years...

SOMETHING'S  
BEEN BOTHER-  
ING MAX.

I THOUGHT  
SO. THAT'S  
WHY I  
STOPPED  
BY.

They've been good, productive  
years. Hopefully we'll  
eventually find other  
worlds to study - to  
explore. It's exciting.  
But for all that, I  
sometimes miss  
home. The thought  
of never seeing  
Earth again...  
never... seeing  
being...

Y'know what I really miss?  
**Camping. At Weston Lake.**  
Feeling the wind. Listening to  
the crickets. Sitting around a  
warm, crackling campfire with  
friends. *All gone.* Forever.

But what use  
self-pity, eh?

We had to leave  
something... behind.

SAYS  
WHO?





huh?

IAN: WHERE ARE WE... THE GREENHOUSE?

UH-UH. CAN'T CHANCE A FIRE THERE, MAYBE...

THE PLANETARIUM! YEAR! THAT'S PERFECT!

HEY, YEAH!

WHY CAN'T WE GO CAMPING?

Right! Here on the ship?

Are you on some thing?

NO, NO. I THINK HE'S SERIOUS.

C'MON RAVEN!



WAAAAH! THERE WE GO! THIS TAP! PROTECT THE FLOOR.

WHAT'RE THEY UP TO SPORT?

Beats me, Pappy.



RACHEL, YOU THINK YOU COULD RUSTLE UP SOME TREES?

SURE. NO SWEAT.

This is absurd!

We can't just...

WARN ME BEFORE YOU TURN DOWN TH' GRAVITY, OK?

OK.



THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME KINDLING, NON.

THANKS, ANGEL. THIS STUFF'S FINE.



YOU CAN'T CAMP... on a... a ship! It's... it's... HEY! WAIT UP!

COUNT ME IN! I've got a few olfactory cassettes in my room...



AND SO... THOSE TAPES SMELL GREAT MAX! PINE NEEDLES. DAMP LEAVES.

And a touch of mint.

HOW ABOUT SUPPLEMENTING THAT WITH A BIT OF HOME COOKING? Hmmm?

**11 HOURS PASS - A TIME OF LAUGHTER, FRIENDSHIP, & A RENEWED BOND WITH OLD MOTHER EARTH!**



M-M-M-M! SOMETHING ABOUT FRESH COFFEE!

HOW'RE THE FRANKS COMING, MAX?

7



This may sound crazy- but it really FEELS like back home.

YEAH! heck! ONLY WITHOUT TH' MOSQUITOES!

KNOW ANY GOOD HORROR STORIES, RAVEN?



STORIES? LEAVE THEM THINK.

STILL A BIT HOMESICK, MAXX?

Rachel... I... that is... well... yes.

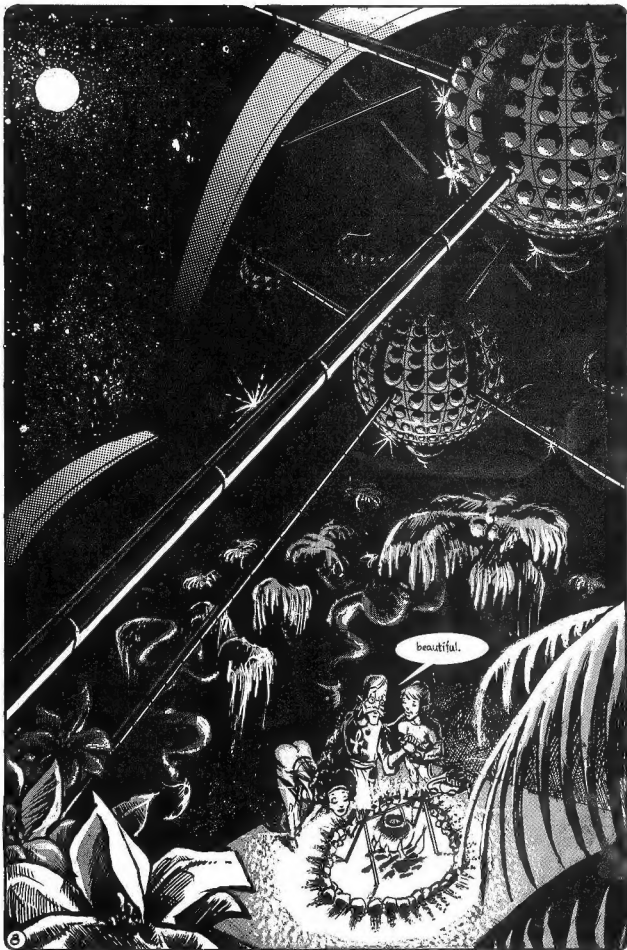
A part of me will always... miss Earth.

But you- and Ian- have reminded me.

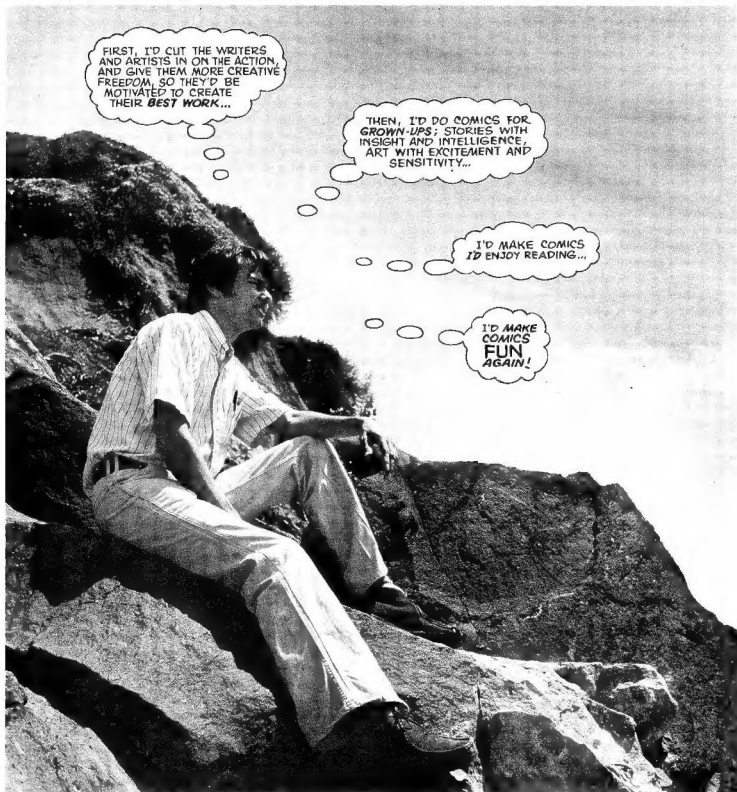
That we three have a... a

something

Something precious. Something quite...



**IMAGINE IF** YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY  
FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



FIRST, I'D CUT THE WRITERS  
AND ARTISTS IN ON THE ACTION,  
AND GIVE THEM MORE CREATIVE  
FREEDOM, SO THEY'D BE  
MOTIVATED TO CREATE  
THEIR **BEST WORK...**

THEN, I'D DO COMICS FOR  
**GROWN-UPS**; STORIES WITH  
INSIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE,  
ART WITH EXCITEMENT AND  
SENSITIVITY...

I'D MAKE COMICS  
I'D ENJOY READING...

I'D MAKE  
COMICS  
**FUN  
AGAIN!**

Well, folks,  
**STAR\*REACH**  
IS DOING ALL THIS **NOW!**

STAR\*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 ..... \$1.25 (ea.)  
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 1-2-3 ..... \$3.00 (set)  
QUACK No. 1-2-3-4 ..... \$1.25 (ea.)

PLEASE ADD \$.35 PER COPY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.







#9

\$150

# STAR REACH



the  
SP  
arred  
and the  
rotane  
STEADY-MOTTER